I think he loved my sister Floss and me most because we were the lawless ones of the family! It was not in his temperament to give wise advice and counsel. Having bequeathed to me light-heartedness and a sanguine disposition, and trained me splendidly for rny profession in childhood, he became in after years a very cormorant for adulation of me!

[11] Duchess, you might have been anything !" was his favourite cornment$_3$ when I was not living up to his ideas of my position and attainments. And I used to answer : " I've played my cards for what I want."

Years afterwards, when he and mother used to come to first nights at the Lyceum, the grossest flattery of me after the performance was not good enough for them.

" How proud you must be of her! " some one would say. " How well this part suits her I "

" Yes," father would answer, in a sort of " is-that-all-you-have-to-say " tone. " But she ought to play Rosalind!"

To him I owe the gaiety of temperament which has enabled me to dance through the most harsh and desert passages of my life, just as he used to make Kate and me dance along the sordid London streets as we walked home from the Princess's Theatre. He would make us come under his cloak, partly for warmth, partly to hide from us the stages of the journey home. From the comfortable darkness one of us would cry out:

" Oh, I'm so tired ! Aren't we nearly home ? Where are we, father ? "

" You know Schwab, the baker ? "

" Yes, yes."

" Well, we're *not* there yet!"

As I grew up, this teasing, jolly, insouciant Irish father of mine was relieved of some of his paternal duties by Tom